

SONGS BY ROGER QUILTER JOHN MARK AINSLEY · MALCOLM MARTINEAU



hyperion

SONGS BY ROGER QUILTER

(1877–1953)

Three Shakespeare Songs Op 6 (1905)

- 1 Come away, death [2'35]
- 2 O mistress mine [1'15]
- 3 Blow, blow, thou winter wind [2'13]

Four Songs of Mirza Schaffy Op 2 (1903)

- 4 Neig' schön' Knospe Dich zu mir [1'23]
- 5 Und was die Sonne glüht [0'53]
- 6 Ich fühle Deinen Odem [1'40]
- 7 Die helle Sonne leuchtet [0'54]

8 Autumn Evening Op 14 No 1 (1909/10) [2'50]

9 June (1905) [1'49]

Two September Songs Op 18 Nos 5 & 6 (1916)

- 10 Through the sunny garden [1'57]
- 11 The Valley and the Hill [1'12]

12 Arab Love Song Op 25 No 4 (1927) [1'19]

13 Music, when soft voices die Op 25 No 5 (1926) [1'26]

14 Love's Philosophy Op 3 No 1 (1905) [1'18]

Five Shakespeare Songs Op 23 (1921)

- 15 Fear no more the heat o' the sun [3'09]
- 16 Under the greenwood tree [1'00]
- 17 It was a lover and his lass [2'18]
- 18 Take, O take those lips away [1'24]
- 19 Hey, ho, the wind and the rain [1'30]

20 Now sleeps the crimson petal Op 3 No 2 (1904) [2'01]

21 Go, lovely Rose Op 24 No 3 (1922) [2'47]

22 A last year's Rose Op 14 No 3 (1910) [2'28]

from Four Child Songs Op 5 (1914)

- 23 A Good Child [1'54]
- 24 The Lamplighter [1'49]
- 25 Where go the boats? [1'38]

Seven Elizabethan Lyrics Op 12 (1908)

- 26 Weep you no more [2'16]
- 27 My Life's Delight [1'26]
- 28 Damask Roses [1'12]
- 29 The faithless shepherdess [1'50]
- 30 Brown is my Love [1'15]
- 31 By a Fountainside [2'24]
- 32 Fair House of Joy [1'49]

from Old English Popular Songs (1921)

- 33 Drink to me only with thine eyes [2'28]
- 34 Barbara Allen [3'14]
- 35 Over the Mountains [1'49]

Four Shakespeare Songs Op 30 (1933)


- 36 Who is Silvia? [1'50]
- 37 When daffodils begin to peer [0'57]
- 38 How should I your true love know? [2'02]
- 39 Sigh no more, Ladies [1'28]

tenor

JOHN MARK AINSLEY

piano

MALCOLM MARTINEAU




ROGER QUILTER WAS BORN IN BRIGHTON on 1 November 1877, third son of Sir Cuthbert Quilter. He was educated at Eton and then studied for four years in Frankfurt-am-Main under the Russian teacher of composition, Ivan Knorr. Fellow students were Cyril Scott, Norman O'Neill, Balfour Gardiner and Percy Grainger. All these were composers of some reputation in their lifetimes, but only Quilter and Grainger produced work which is still performed regularly today. Grainger is remembered for the extraordinary variety of his output, from simple entertainment pieces such as *Country Gardens* to works for chorus and large orchestra like *Danny Deever* and *The Bride's Tragedy*. Quilter was a writer of songs, and virtually nothing else. There was an opera, *Julia*, and a couple of ballets, and the once well known *A Children's Overture*. On the other hand he composed more than one hundred songs. At least half of these remain in the repertoire, loved by performers and audiences alike.

In 1900, when Quilter composed his first published songs, the tradition of the drawing-room ballad was still strong, with songs by Liza Lehmann, Maude Valérie White, Arthur Sullivan, Edward German and others selling well. It is true that Parry, Stanford and Somervell were trying to raise the standard of song-writing, but they were exceptional; even Elgar's songs are mostly in the ballad tradition. At first sight Quilter's songs appear to be equally devoted to the popular audience. There are no great technical demands on the performers, nor intellectual demands upon the listener. However, a Quilter song is instantly recognizable as such, with an individuality lacking in most of the composers mentioned above, at least in the field of song-writing. The vocal line has a natural flow, nearly always enhancing the rhythm of the words rather than forcing this rhythm into a preconceived

melody. The accompaniments are almost unique in their layout; always providing rhythmic interest and snatches of countermelody for the pianist to find, but all without restricting the singer's necessary rubato. For the songs of Quilter depend on a free use of rubato for their effect as much as do those of Bellini and Donizetti. However, these great Italian melodists gave little more than an Alberti bass as accompaniment, focusing all the attention on the voice. Quilter succeeded in creating a fully realized piano accompaniment which yet allows the singer full freedom. Pianists, as distinct from accompanists, will tend to find Quilter reasonably interesting and Bellini and Donizetti deadly dull to play. The true accompanist will find all three fascinating, needing immense sensitivity to the implications of the vocal line and the rhythmic freedom which results from a true understanding of the relation of words to music.

A third factor which raises Quilter's songs above the level of most of his contemporaries is his choice of poetry. His favourite poets were Shakespeare, Herrick, Shelley and Blake; he also set a number of anonymous Elizabethan lyrics. Only Parry showed a similar taste in verse yet, like Parry, Quilter's use of contemporary poetry is rather less understandable. Nora Hopper's verse is trivial, and Sir William Watson's not much better, while Ernest Dowson and W H Henley were hardly in the class of Herrick. Peter Warlock acknowledged his debt to Quilter and appreciated his work, as the following quotations from letters illustrate: Roger Quilter's *O mistress mine* is 'one of the very few things that very simply send me into ecstasies every time I play it' (28 October 1912); 'best lyrics ... remain the sole example of modern English music that one can hear over and over again with enriched pleasure' (9 August 1919). Warlock also sent Quilter a copy of his song *Late Summer* with the dedication:



To Roger Quilter,
without whose genial influence
there would have been no songs by
Peter Warlock.

Three Shakespeare Songs

The 'Three Shakespeare Songs' were composed in 1905, the first and most successful of Quilter's seventeen settings of Shakespeare's words. *Come away, death* shows Quilter's ability to adapt the phrases of his music to suit the stress of the words; the two verses are nearly strophic, but not quite, and the climax appears on the word Shakespeare surely designed for the purpose, 'weep'. Warlock's comment on *O mistress mine* is given above and perhaps balances Trevor Hold's opinion (expressed in his excellent study of Quilter's songs: *The Walled-in Garden*, Thames, 1996) that it 'is the weakest of the set ... the worst flaw is the quite unjustified repetition of the opening line of the poem'. A possible justification can be to use this repetition to show the singer's realization that his light-hearted remarks are only too true, and that 'what's to come' really is unsure. The final cadence, far from being 'excruciatingly sloppy' as Trevor Hold would have it, is for some listeners at least an expression of resignation at the transitoriness of joy. The third song is more straightforward, save that the mood of the poem is not. Is it defiant, miserable, cheerful, or what? Quilter manages to make all these interpretations possible in this rhythmically powerful setting.

[1] Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.

My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O prepare it;
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown:
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse where my bones shall be thrown:
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O, where
Sad true lover never find my grave
To weep there.


WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (1564–1616) *Twelfth Night* II.iv

[2] O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O stay and hear; your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low:
Trip no further, pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (1564–1616) *Twelfth Night* II.iii

[3] Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art no so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh-ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.



Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.

Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh-ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (1564–1616) *As You Like It* II.vii

Four songs of Mirza Schaffy

The 'Four Songs of Mirza Schaffy' were published in 1903, with translations from the German of Friedrich Bodenstedt by Walter Creighton (as printed below). They were re-issued, with the accompaniments somewhat revised, and a new translation by RH Elkin, in 1911. Schaffy (Mirza merely means 'man of letters') was a school-master in Tiflis, Georgia, with whom Bodenstedt studied languages. The poems were published in 1851 as *Die Lieder des Mirza Schaffy*, but in later years Bodenstedt confessed they were his own work. It seems Quilter was not aware of this, since he later published a song with the words 'translated from the German of Mirza Schaffy by the composer'. The poems were immensely popular, reaching a twenty-sixth edition by 1869. Incidentally Bodenstedt made the standard German translation of Shakespeare's works, used by Parry in his settings of four of the Sonnets. With these songs Quilter was still trying to find his own voice. There are naturally traces of romantic German lieder, so soon after his study in Frankfurt, and the third song is an excellent example of the drawing-room ballad. The 1903 version of the songs is used here.

- [4] Neig' schön' Knospe Dich zu mir,
Und was ich bitte das thu' mir,
Ich will Dich pflegen und hatten
Du sollst bei mir erwarmen
Und sollst in meinen Armen
Zur Blume Dich entfalten.

*Lean, opening blossom, down towards me,
And what I whisper do for me:
Come, let me gather and clasp thee,
With me thou shalt find sunshine,
Lulled by these arms of mine,
To flower let me woo thee.*

FRIEDRICH BODENSTEDT (1819–1892)


- [5] Und was die Sonne glüht,
Was Wind und Welle singt,
Und was die Rose blüht
Was auf zum Himmel klingt
Und was vom Himmel nieder
Das weht durch mein Gemüth
Das klingt durch meine Lieder.

*Where'er the sun doth glow,
What songs the breezes sing,
Where'er the roses blow,
What to the heavens doth rise,
What echoes from the skies,
That throbs throughout my soul!
Ah! that's what I am singing.*

FRIEDRICH BODENSTEDT (1819–1892)

- [6] Ich fühle Deinen Odem
Mich überall umwehn
Wohin die Augen schweifen
Wähn ich Dein Bild zu sehn.

*Im Meere meiner Gedanken
Kannst Du nur untergehn,
Um, wie die Sonne Morgens
Schön wieder aufzustehn.*



*I feel thy soul's dear presence
Around me in the air;
And when I look with longing,
I see thee ev'rywhere!*

*Deep in my thought's still waters
Thou canst but sink, to rise,
As doth the sun at day-break
Rise radiant in the skies.*

FRIEDRICH BODENSTEDT (1819–1892)

- [7] Die helle Sonne leuchtet
Aufs weite Meer hernieder,
Und alle wellen zittern
Von ihren Glanze wieder.

Du spiegelst Dich, wie die Sonne
Im Meere meiner Lieder,
Sie alle gluhn und zittern
Von Deinem Glanze wieder.

*The dazzling sun is glistening
Down o'er the sea's deep yearning,
And all the waves are trembling,
Their answer thus returning.*

*'Tis thou who shinest resplendent,
Like sunshine, through my singing;
My songs all glow and tremble,
Thy glances rapture bringing.*

FRIEDRICH BODENSTEDT (1819–1892)

The next two songs provide a strong contrast. *Autumn Evening* of 1909/10 is one of Quilter's finest songs, matching the gentle melancholy of the poem with haunting music. *June*, published in 1905 significantly without opus number, is a pure ballad, trite music to trite words, which nevertheless has remained popular to this day. The 'Two September Songs' were composed in 1916, settings of two out of the three poems Mary Coleridge wrote under the title 'Chillingham'. These show a more adventurous use of harmony than is usual with Quilter,

with many modal touches and hints of Delius, suggesting new possibilities he might have explored in later songs. In fact, Quilter was a composer who, having once found his individual voice, was happy with it for the rest of his life, there being little discernible change of style between Opus 3 of 1904/5 and Opus 32 of 1939. It is perhaps significant that Quilter omitted the third stanza of 'The Valley and the Hill':

O the red heather on the mosswrought rock,
And the fir-tree stiff and straight,
The shaggy old sheep-dog barking at the flock,
And the rotten old five-barred gate.

As Trevor Hold argues, these things have no place in Quilter's world of romantic dreams.

Autumn Evening

- [8] The yellow poplar leaves have strown
Thy quiet mound, thou slumberest
Where winter's winds will be unknown;
So deep thy rest,
So deep thy rest.


Sleep on, my love, thy dreams are sweet,
If thou hast dreams: the flowers I brought
I lay aside for passing feet,
Thou needest nought,
Thou needest, needest nought.

The grapes are gather'd from the hills,
The wood is piled, the song bird gone,
The breath of early evening chills;
My love, my love, sleep on;
My love, my love, sleep on.

ARTHUR MAQUARIE (1874–?)

June

- [9] Dark red roses in a honeyed wind swinging,
Silk-soft hollyhock, coloured like the moon;
Larks high overhead lost in light, and singing;
That's the way of June.



Dark red roses in the warm wind falling,
Velvet leaf by velvet leaf, all the breathless noon;
Far off sea waves calling, calling, calling;
That's the way of June.

Sweet as scarlet strawberry under wet leaves hidden,
Honey'd as the damask rose, lavish as the moon,
Shedding lovely light on things forgotten, hope forbidden,
That's the way of June.

NORA HOPPER (MRS W H CHESSON) (1871–1906)

10 Through the sunny garden

The humming bees are still;
The fir climbs the heather,
The heather climbs the hill.

The low clouds have riven
A little rift through.
The hill climbs to heaven,
Far away and blue.

MARY COLERIDGE (1861–1907)

The Valley and the Hill

11 O the high valley, the little low hill,
And the cornfield over the sea,
The wind that rages and then lies still,
And the clouds that rest and flee!

O the grey island in the rainbow haze,
And the long thin spits of land,
The rough'ning pastures and the stony ways,
And the golden flash of the sand!

O the brown bracken, the black-berry bough,
The scent of the gorse in the air!
I shall love them ever as I love them now,
I shall weary in Heaven to be there!

MARY COLERIDGE (1861-1907) *The Valley and the Hill*

The *Arab Love Song* of 1927 is one of the composer's most exciting and dramatic works, only its comparative difficulty for the performers can explain why it is not one of Quilter's best known songs. *Love's Philosophy* sounds

equally difficult but is in fact much easier than the less exciting setting by Delius. It was with this song that Quilter found himself as a song writer, and while no one can doubt that Delius was the greater composer, few could argue convincingly that Quilter was not the better composer of songs. *Music, when soft voices die* was written in 1926.

Arab Love Song

12 My faint spirit is was sitting in the light
Of thy looks, my love;
It panted for thee like the hind at noon
For the brooks, my love.

Thy barb, whose hoofs outspeed the tempest's flight,
Bore thee far from me;
My heart, for my weak feet were weary soon,
Did companion thee.

Ah! fleeter far than fleetest storm or steed,
Or the death they bear,
The heart which tender thought clothes like a dove
With the wings of care;

In the battle, in the darkness, in the need,
Shall mine cling to thee,
Nor claim one smile for all the comfort, love,
It may bring to thee.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY (1792–1822) *Arab Love Song*

13 Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory—
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken.

Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heaped for the beloved's bed;
And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,
Love itself shall slumber on.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY (1792–1822) *To—*



Love's Philosophy

[14] The fountains mingle with the river
And the rivers with the Ocean,
The winds of Heaven mix for ever
With a sweet emotion;
Nothing in the world is single;
All things by a law divine
In one another's being mingle.
Why not I with thine?—

See the mountains kiss high Heaven
And the waves clasp one another;
No sister-flower would be forgiven
If it disdained its brother;
And the sunlight clasps the earth
And the moonbeams kiss the sea:
What are all these kissings worth
If thou kiss not me?

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY (1792–1822) *Love's Philosophy*

Five Shakespeare Songs

The *Five Shakespeare Songs* was Quilter's second collection of Shakespeare settings, published in 1921. The set of four (tracks [36]–[39]) appeared in 1933 and two more in 1938. As always, they are gratefully written, easy to perform, sing and hear, but they break no new ground, and might be compared to Hollywood's habit of repeating successful formula films, giving them the same title with numbers attached. It is perhaps unfortunate for Quilter that the first and fourth of these poems have been given unforgettable settings by Finzi and Warlock, respectively.

[15] Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great;
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke:
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash,
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Fear not slander, censure rash;
Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.


No exorciser harm thee!
Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
Nothing ill come near thee!
Quiet consummation have;
And renown'd be thy grave!

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (1564–1616) *Cymbeline* IV.ii

[16] Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (1564–1616) *As You Like It* II.v



17 It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding:
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding:
Sweet lovers love the spring.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and hey nonino,
How that life was but a flower
In spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding:
Sweet lovers love the spring.

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and hey nonino,
For love is crownèd with the prime
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding:
Sweet lovers love the spring.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (1564–1616) *As You Like It* V.iii

18 Take, O take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn:
But my kisses bring again,
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain.
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (1564–1616) *Measure for Measure* IV.i

19 When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
For the rain it raineth every day.


But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain it raineth every day.

A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (1564–1616) *Twelfth Night* V, adapted

Now sleeps the crimson petal has been a favourite among singers ever since its publication in 1904. It is a drawing-room song raised to a higher plane by its sensitivity to the words, resulting in flexible barring rarely seen at the time. It has been republished so many times that the revisions which took place have not been dated, and indeed may not have all been made at any one time. They are mostly minor alterations in the accompaniment, but there is one important change for the voice. Originally, as in this recording, Quilter wrote 'slip into my' to four semiquavers (*ad lib*); this was later changed to 'into my' to three triplet quavers. As so often when an artist returns to earlier work to improve it he in fact does more harm than good, and the original version of this song is without question better than the new one.

Go, lovely Rose (1922) is Quilter's masterpiece; a wonderful love song, both words and music continue to yield new beauties over the years. It can hold its head up in any company, being worthy of comparison with the best songs of Schumann or Brahms, yet showing clearly Quilter's totally distinctive tone of voice. *A last year's Rose* of 1910 is a more routine piece.



[20] **Now sleeps the crimson petal**, now the white;
Nor waves the cypress in the palace walk;
Nor winks the gold fin in the porphyry font:
The fire-fly wakens: waken thou with me.

Now folds the lily all her sweetness up,
And slips into the bosom of the lake:
So fold thyself, my dearest, thou, and slip
Into my bosom and be lost in me.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON (1809–1892) *Now Sleeps the Crimson Petal*

[21] **Go, lovely Rose!**
Tell her, that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young
And shuns to have her graces spied
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retir'd;
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desir'd,
And not blush so to be admir'd.

Then die! that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee:
How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair!

EDMUND WALLER (1608–1687) *Go, Lovely Rose!*

A last year's Rose

[22] From the brake the Nightingale
Sings exulting to the Rose;
Though he sees her waxing pale
In her passionate repose
While she triumphs waxing frail,
Fading even while she glows;

Though he knows
How it goes—
Knows of last year's Nightingale,
Dead with last year's Rose.

Wise the enamoured Nightingale,
Wise the well-beloved Rose!
Love and life shall still prevail,
Nor the silence at the close
Break the magic of the tale
In the telling, though it shows—
Who but knows
How it goes!
Life a last year's Nightingale,
Love a last year's Rose.

WILLIAM HENLEY (1849–1903)


Three Songs from Four Child Songs

While the 'Four Child Songs' (1914), with poems taken from R L Stevenson's *A Child's Garden of Verses*, may not be up to the standard of Edward German's excellent *Just So Song Book*, the publication of a revised version in 1945 suggests that many have found these songs attractive. In line six of *A Good Child Quilter* has altered Stevenson's original words from 'sleepsin-by' to 'sleep again'. The 1914 version has been used for this recording.

A Good Child

[23] I woke before the morning, I was happy all the day,
I never said an ugly word, but smiled and stuck to play.
And now at last the sun is going down behind the wood,
And I am very happy, for I know that I've been good.
My bed is waiting cool and fresh, with linen smooth and fair,
And I must off to sleep again, and not forget my prayer.
I know that, till tomorrow I shall see the sun arise,
No ugly dream shall fright my mind, no ugly sight my eyes,
But slumber hold me tightly till I waken in the dawn,
And hear the thrushes singing in the lilacs round the lawn.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON (1850–1894) *A Child's Garden of Verses*



The Lamplighter

[24] My tea is nearly ready and the sun has left the sky;
It's time to take the window to see Leerie going by;
For every night at teatime and before you take your seat,
With lantern and with ladder he comes posting up the street.

Now Tom would be a driver and Maria go to sea,
And my papa's a banker and as rich as he can be;
But I, when I am stronger and can choose what I'm to do,
O Leerie, I'll go round at night and light the lamps with you!

For we are very lucky, with a lamp before the door,
And Leerie stops to light it as he lights so many more;
And O! before you hurry by with ladder and with light,
O Leerie, see a little child and nod to him tonight.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON (1850–1894) *A Child's Garden of Verses*

Where go the boats?

[25] Dark brown is the river,
Golden is the sand.
It flows along for ever,
With trees on either hand.
Green leaves a-floating,
Castles of the foam,
Boats of mine a-boating—
Where will all come home?

On goes the river
And out past the mill,
Away down the valley,
Away down the hill.
Away down the river,
A hundred miles or more,
Other little children
Shall bring my boats ashore.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON (1850–1894) *A Child's Garden of Verses*

Seven Elizabethan Lyrics


'Seven Elizabethan Lyrics' of 1908 is not a true song cycle but a well contrasted set of individual songs, probably the best single volume of songs the composer ever produced. In view of the popularity of the last of the group it is hard

to understand why the others are so seldom performed. *Weep you no more* has words from John Dowland's *Third Book of Ayres*, 1603. Dowland's own setting is memorable and has led to at least eight twentieth-century settings of the same words; Quilter's version stands up to the competition well. *My Life's Delight* comes from Thomas Campion's *Third Book of Ayres* and conveys the enthusiasm of the poem with great success. *Damask Roses* and *Brown is my Love* are both miniature gems, once heard never forgotten. The words of the first are an anonymous translation from an Italian poem by Angelo Grillo, published in 1589, the English version being set twice in John Wilbye's *First Set of Madrigals*, 1598. *The faithless shepherdess* again started life as a madrigal, in this case by William Byrd, the poem then being published in the famous collection *England's Helicon*, of 1600. Quilter took two of the four stanzas to make a lively song similar to *Blow, blow, thou winter wind*. The other two stanzas would not have fitted his simple scheme, being much too cynical; however, they show why the editor of *England's Helicon* found them worth reprinting:

Another shepherd you did see,
To whom your heart was soon enchained.
Full soon your love was leapt from me,
Full soon my place he had obtained.
Soon came a third your love to win,
And we were out and he was in.

Sure you have made me passing glad
That you your mind so soon removed,
Before that I the leisure had
To choose you for my best beloved.
For all my love was past and done
Two days before it was begun.

By a Fountainside comes from Act I Scene 2 of Ben Jonson's masque *Cynthia's Revels* of 1600, though Quilter may have found the words in Henry Youll's



Canzonets to Three Voices published eight years later. This is a fine song, musically the most elaborate of the set, with a magical move to the major key half way through. The last song of the set, *Fair House of Joy* has taken on a life of its own, being a perennial favourite at music festivals throughout the country. It would be interesting to know how many of the performers understand the meaning of the first two lines, which could be paraphrased thus: 'I wish I could sing according to the rules, for I think singing love songs is harmful.'

[26] Weep you no more, sad fountains;
What need you flow so fast?
Look how the snowy mountains
Heaven's sun doth gently waste!
But my Sun's heavenly eyes
View not your weeping,
That now lies sleeping,
Softly now, softly lies
Sleeping.

Sleep is a reconciling,
A rest that peace begets;
Doth not the sun rise smiling
When fair at even he sets?
Rest you, then, rest, sad eyes!
Melt not in weeping,
While she lies sleeping,
Softly now, softly lies
Sleeping.

ANONYMOUS

My Life's Delight

[27] Come, O come, my life's delight!
Let me not in languor pine:
Love loves no delay, thy sight
The more enjoyed, the more divine.
O come, and take from me
The pain of being deprived of thee.

Thou all sweetness dost enclose,
Like a little world of bliss:
Beauty guards thy looks: the rose
In them pure and eternal is.
Come then! and make thy flight
As swift to me as heavenly light!
THOMAS CAMPION (1567–1619)

Damask Roses

[28] Lady, when I behold the roses sprouting,
Which, clad in damask mantles, deck the arbours,
And then behold your lips, where sweet love harbours,
My eyes present me with a double doubting:
For viewing both alike, hardly my mind supposes
Whether the roses be your lips, or your lips the roses.

ANONYMOUS


The faithless shepherdess

[29] While that the sun with his beams hot
Scorchèd the fruits in vale and mountain,
Philon, the shepherd, late forgot,
Sitting beside a crystal fountain,
In shadow of a green oak tree,
Upon his pipe this song played he:
Adieu, Love, adieu, Love, untrue Love,
Untrue Love, untrue Love, adieu, Love!
Your mind is light, soon lost for new love.

So long as I was in your sight

I was your heart, your soul, your treasure;
And evermore you sobb'd and sigh'd
Burning in flames beyond all measure:
Three days endured your love to me
And it was lost in other three!
Adieu, Love, adieu, Love, untrue Love,
Untrue Love, untrue Love, adieu, Love!
Your mind is light, soon lost for new love.

ANONYMOUS



[30] Brown is my Love, but graceful,
And each renownèd whiteness,
Matched with her lovely brown, loseth its brightness;
Fair is my Love, but scornful,
Yet have I seen despisèd
Dainty white lilies, and sad flowers well prizèd.
ANONYMOUS

By a Fountainside

[31] Slow, slow, fresh fount, keep time with my salt tears:
Yet slower, yet; O faintly, gentle springs:
List to the heavy part the music bears,
Woe weeps out her division when she sings.
Droop herbs and flowers,
Fall grief in showers,
Our beauties are not ours;
Or I could still,
Like melting snow upon some craggy hill,
Drop, drop, drop, drop,
Since nature's pride is now a withered daffodil.
BEN JONSON (1572–1637) *Cynthia's Revels* I

Fair House of Joy

[32] Fain would I change that note
To which fond Love hath charm'd me
Long, long to sing by rote,
Fancying that that harm'd me:
Yet when this thought doth come
'Love is the perfect sum
Of all delight!'
I have no other choice
Either for pen or voice
To sing or write.
O Love! they wrong thee much
That say thy sweet is bitter,
When thy rich fruit is such
As nothing can be sweeter.
Fair house of joy and bliss,
Where truest pleasure is,
I do adore thee:


I know thee what thou art,
I serve thee with my heart,
And fall before thee.
TOBIAS HUME (?c1569–1645)

Three Songs *from* **Old English Popular Songs**

The next three songs are arrangements by Quilter, published in 1921 in a collection of *Old English Popular Songs* and reissued in 1947 as part of *The Arnold Book of Old Songs*. Quilter's approach to arranging old melodies is exactly the same as that of Benjamin Britten and in each case the melody may be old, but everything else is unmistakably the work of the composer concerned. Here the result is a set of three gorgeous songs, worthy to be ranked with the best of the composer's work. *Barbara Allen*, in particular, is the nearest Quilter came to a truly dramatic song. (In line 4 of *Drink to me only* Quilter has 'ask' for Jonson's 'look'.)

[33] Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss within the cup,
And I'll not ask for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.
I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honouring thee,
As giving it a hope that there
It could not withered be.
But thou thereon didst only breathe
And send'st it back to me:
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear
Not of itself, but thee.

BEN JONSON (1572–1637) *The Forest*: ix 'To Celia'



Barbara Allen

- [34] In Scarlet Town, where I was born,
There was a fair maid dwellin',
Made ev'ry youth cry 'Well-a-day!'
Her name was Barb'ra Allen.

All in the merry month of May
When green buds they were swellin',
Young Jemmy Grove on his death-bed lay
For love of Barb'ra Allen.

Then slowly, slowly she came up,
And slowly she came nigh him,
And all she said when there she came
'Young man, I think you're dying'.

As she was walking o'er the fields
She heard the dead-bell knellin',
And ev'ry stroke the dead-bell gave
Cried 'Woe to Barb'ra Allen!'

When he was dead and laid in grave
Her heart was struck with sorrow.
'O mother, mother, make my bed,
For I shall die tomorrow.'

'Farewell,' she said, 'ye virgins all,
And shun the fault I fell in;
Henceforth take warning by the fall
Of cruel Barb'ra Allen.'

TRADITIONAL

- [35] Over the mountains, and over the waves,
Under the fountains and under the graves.
Under floods that are deepest which Neptune obey.
Over rocks that are steepest, love will find out the way.

Where there is no place for the glow-worm to lie,
Where there is no space for receipt of a fly;
Where the midge dare not venture lest herself fast she lay,
If love come he will enter and will find out the way.

Some think to loose him or have him confined,
Some do suppose him, poor thing, to be blind;
But if ne'er so close ye wall him, do the best that ye may,
Blind love, if so ye call him, soon will find out his way.


You may train the eagle to stoop to your fist,
Or you may inveigle the phoenix of the East,
The lioness you may move her to get o'er her prey,
But you'll ne'er stop a lover, love shall find out the way.

TRADITIONAL from *Percy's Reliques*

Four Shakespeare Songs Op 30

It must be admitted that the 'Four Shakespeare Songs' of 1933 are rather routine Quilter. *Who is Silvia?* has charm, but little excitement, and cannot compare with Finzi's setting. *When daffodils begin to peer* is a reasonably cheerful spring song, though with no suggestion of Autolycus, the 'snapper-up of unconsidered trifles', about it; nor does it appear that Quilter understood the implications of 'me and my aunts, while we lie tumbling in the grass'! *Sigh no more, Ladies* is appropriately cheerful, though with little individual character. *How should I your true love know?* is a different matter, its gentle modal inflections conveying the mood of sorrow shared with an emotional depth only matched by Quilter in his earlier setting of *Autumn Evening*. It is worth noting, in relation to the first verse, that cockle-shells were worn by pilgrims to the shrine of St James of Compostela, and that 'sandal shoon' are sandals, also worn by pilgrims.

- [36] Who is Silvia? what is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she,
The heavens such grace did lend her,
That she might admirèd be.



Is she kind as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness:
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness;
And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia, let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling.
To her let us garlands bring.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (1564–1616)
The Two Gentlemen of Verona IV.ii

- [37] When daffodils begin to peer,—
With, hey! the doxy over the dale,—
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,—
With, hey! the sweet birds, how they sing!—
Doth set my pugging tooth on edge;
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark, that tirra-lirra chants,—
With, hey! with, hey! the thrush and the jay,—
Are summer songs for me and my aunts,
While we lie tumbling in the hay.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (1564–1616) *The Winter's Tale* IV.iii

- [38] How should I your true love know
From another one?
By his cockle hat and staff,
And his sandal shoon.

He is dead and gone, lady,
He is dead and gone;
At his head a grass green turf,
At his heels a stone.

White his shroud as the mountain snow,
Larded with sweet flowers;
Which bewept to the grave did go
With true-love showers.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (1564–1616) *Hamlet* IV.v

- [39] Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more;
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in sea and one on shore,
To one thing constant never:
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny;
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into Hey nonny, nonny.

Sing no more ditties, sing no mo
Of dumps so dull and heavy;
The fraud of men was ever so
Since summer first was leavy.
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny;
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into Hey nonny, nonny.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (1564–1616) *Much Ado About Nothing* II.iii

Notes by MICHAEL PILKINGTON © 1996



Recorded on 18–20 February 1996
Recording Engineers ANTONY HOWELL, JULIAN MILLARD
Recording Producer MARK BROWN
Piano STEINWAY
Executive Producers JOANNA GAMBLE, EDWARD PERRY
© & © Hyperion Records Ltd, London, MCMXCVI
Front illustration: *The Garden*. William Morris & Co (c1910)
Christie's Images, London

Copyright subsists in all Hyperion recordings and it is illegal to copy them, in whole or in part, for any purpose whatsoever, without permission from the copyright holder, Hyperion Records Ltd, 4 Pancras Square, King's Cross, London N1C 4AG, England. Any unauthorized copying or re-recording, broadcasting, or public performance of this or any other Hyperion recording will constitute an infringement of copyright. Applications for a public performance licence should be sent to Phonographic Performance Ltd, 1 Upper James Street, London W1F 9DE, or via www.ppluk.com

